

THE LAST LONG MILE

WORDS & MUSIC BY EMIL BREITENFELD

Too!

Too!



Henry W. Savage offers the
Musical Comedy Special

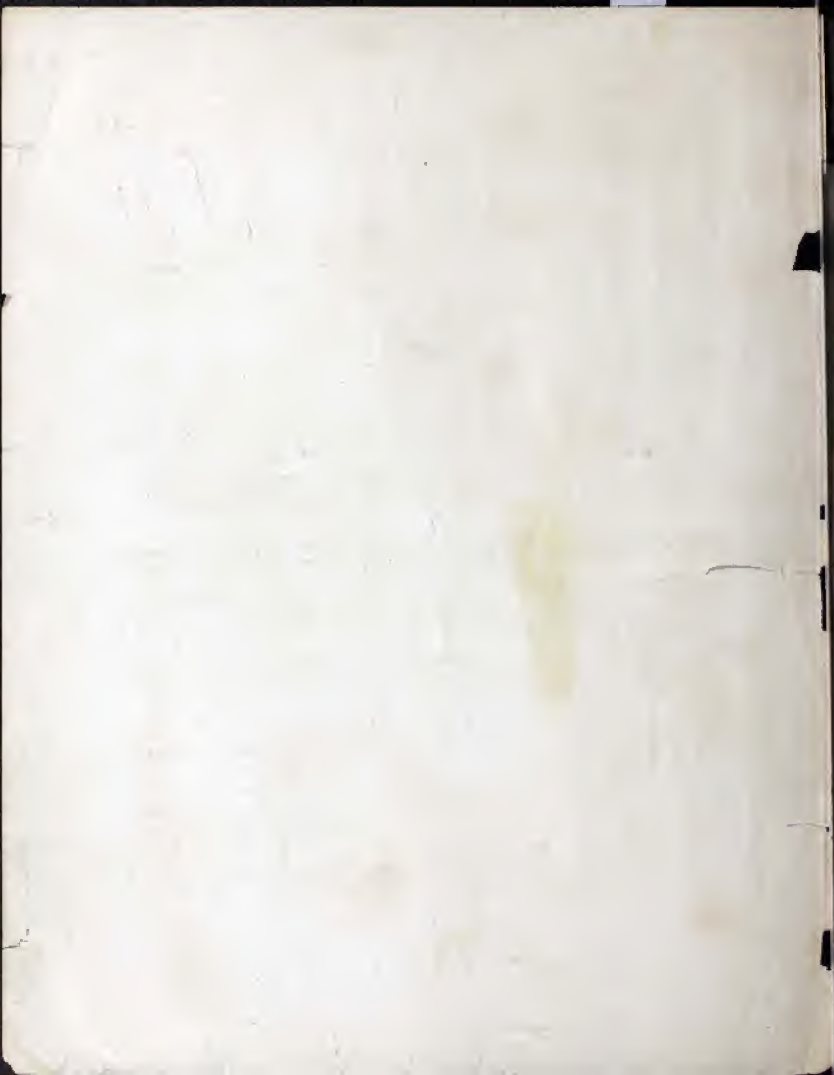
Too!

Too!

A train of mirth and melody
in Three Sections

11 —————	.60	Book by Edgar Allan Woolf
Every Girl In All America	.60	Lyrics by Berton Braley
The Last Long Mile	.60	Music by Jerome Kern
Let's Go	.60	Adapted from the Rupert Hughes Farce
Girlie	.60	"Excuse Me"
When You Wake Up Dancing	.60	
Selection	1.00	

T. B. HARMS
COMPANY
NEW YORK



Dedicated to the 17th Co. 1st P. T. R.
The Last Long Mile.
Plattsburg Marching Song, 1917.

3

Words and Music by
EMIL BREITENFELD, Co. 17.

March tempo.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'March tempo.' and 'Piano.' The introduction consists of two staves of music. The first staff is the treble clef, and the second is the bass clef. The music is in G major, indicated by one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'March tempo.' and the dynamics are 'Piano.' The score then transitions into a vocal melody with piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is written in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal melody. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are: 'Oh they put me in the arm-y and they hand-ed me a pack, they Some day they'll send us o-ver and they'll put us in a trench, tak-in' took a-way my nice new clothes and dolled me up in kack; They put shots at the Frit-zes with the Tom-mies and the French, And marched me twen-ty miles a day to fill me for the war, I some day well be march-ing through a town a-cross the Rhine, and'.

Oh they put me in the arm-y and they hand-ed me a pack, they
Some day they'll send us o-ver and they'll put us in a trench, tak-in'

took a-way my nice new clothes and dolled me up in kack; They
put shots at the Frit-zes with the Tom-mies and the French, And

marched me twen-ty miles a day to fill me for the war, I
some day well be march-ing through a town a-cross the Rhine, and

T. B. H. Co. 24-3

Copyright *NCNXXVII* by Henry W. Savage, Inc.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.

did - n't mind the first nine-teen but the last one made me sore:
then you bet we'll all for-get these... mourn-ful words of mine: Oh it's

Chorus.

not the pack that you car - ry on your back, nor the

Spring-field on your shoul-der, Nor the five inch crust of

Kha - ki col - ored dust that makes you feel your

limbs are grow-ing old-er, And it's not the hike on the

hard turn-pike, that wipes a-way your smile, Nor the

socks of sis-ter's that raise the bloom-ing blis-ers, It's the

last long mile. Oh it's mile!

